

NEWS

American Junior Red Cross



NOVEMBER • 1952

Toys bring joy

Cuddly bears and dolls and other soft toys made by AJRC members bring joy to these boys and girls who live in an orphanage in Korea. Gifts valued at \$362,600 have been sent by the American Junior Red Cross to the children of Korea.



Ourselves and Others

VOLUME 34 NOVEMBER 1952 NUMBER 2

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"American Junior Red Cross News" is published monthly, October through May (except January), by American National Red Cross. Copyright 1952 by American National Red Cross, Washington, D. C.

Enrollment of elementary schools in the American Junior Red Cross includes a subscription to the NEWS on the basis of one copy for each classroom enrolled. Enrollment is for the calendar year. Enrollment fee is 50 cents per room. For further information concerning enrollment and the Junior Red Cross program see your local Red Cross chapter. Individual subscriptions to the "American Junior Red Cross News" are accepted at 50 cents a year, 10 cents a single copy.

The NEWS was entered as second-class matter January 18, 1921, at the post office, Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized January 3, 1921.

*Father, we thank thee for the night,
And for the pleasant morning light;
For rest and food and loving care,
And all that makes the day so fair.*

—R. J. WESTON

Our Cover

WE KNOW you are always glad to have Gisella Loeffler make a cover for the NEWS. Her drawings are just a little different. We think this one for Thanksgiving is especially nice. And doesn't "Sing for Joy" just seem to belong right on the back cover? That's a good song to learn for Thanksgiving, too.

Thankful to Belong

BOYS AND GIRLS who want to help others are thankful for the chance to serve through Junior Red Cross. November 1-15 are the dates to enroll for membership. All that you have to do to belong is to promise to work *with* others for others.

Junior Red Cross has no dues, but does have a service fund which comes from earnings of the members themselves. It takes just 50 cents to enroll your whole class. This brings you an enrollment poster, a Red Cross tab for each member, a sticker for your door, a membership roll, and a year's subscription to your magazine, the NEWS.

Thanks-Giving

THOUSANDS of thank-you messages every year find their way across the oceans, as children give thanks to children for gifts received. Here are just two samples:

For gifts of baskets and shells from Samoa, the JRC council in Nashville, Tenn., writes: "This collection has been placed in the Nashville Children's Museum where everyone may see and enjoy it, and where it stands as a symbol of friendship between the boys and girls of Samoa and America."

And from Japan for gift boxes from AJRC: "The gifts from you heartened up all our hearts and proved to be the light which aroused in our minds a new hope and strength."

—LOIS S. JOHNSON, editor.

American Junior Red Cross
NEWS

The story of how

Quiet Boy

won a friend

GLADYS M. RELYEA

Illustrated by James J. Ponter

QUIET BOY leaned against the sunny side of the Navajo Trading Post in northwestern New Mexico, the November wind tufting his straight black hair and reaching through his blue denim shirt and jeans.

Once more he searched the long flat road for his father's green covered wagon. Already it had been a half-hour since the bus from the government boarding school had left him. But waiting for his family on Friday afternoons was not new to Quiet Boy and he was not impatient.

He knew there was much work to be done on a farm when sheep were many and winter near. Sometimes he asked if he, as oldest son, should not stay at home; if it should not be one of his younger sisters who should go to school. But always Rapid Runner and Happy Weaver, his parents, said that he, as oldest, should learn the white ways well and quickly that he might teach them all.

Quiet Boy picked up a stone, idly threw it toward a prairie dog that had poked its head out of its burrow. The stone fell a foot short of the animal and Quiet Boy leaned down to pick up another.

"Thought all you Indians were supposed to be such good shots!" came a taunting voice behind him.

Standing in the doorway of the trading post was Lester Beales, nephew of the trader, visiting from the East.

Quiet Boy did not answer. This was not the first time he had heard the white boy laugh at the Navajo ways of his family. Quiet Boy pretended that the white boy was not there at all, that he had not spoken. This was the Navajo manner of meeting rudeness. And he did not explain that he had purposely aimed his stone so that it would not hit the little animal.

Lester swaggered down to Quiet Boy, picked up a stone and got ready to throw it at another prairie dog.

Quiet Boy held Lester's arm. "No," he said. "That animal has done no harm."

Without warning, Lester leaped at Quiet Boy, and the two boys fought, punching each other and rolling over and over in the sand. Then, suddenly, Quiet Boy felt himself being pulled up roughly by a strong hand. It was his father, come at last. Shamed that his father should find him so, Quiet Boy stood to one side while his father sought to help Lester up. But Lester jerked away angrily.

"Let me alone, you . . . you . . . you Indian!" he shouted. "I'll tell my uncle and he won't let you trade here!" He was childlike in his anger.

"That will do, Lester!" said his uncle, who had been watching. "Rapid Runner is my friend, and Quiet Boy is his son."

Sulkily, Lester went into the store while, in Navajo, Rapid Runner ordered Quiet Boy to the wagon. Then, without further word, he and Happy Weaver and Quiet Boy's two sisters and two brothers walked quietly inside the building to do their weekly trading. Over her shoulder, Happy Weaver carried the rug she had finished. Rapid Runner took in the silver and turquoise bracelets he had fashioned by hand.

Later, when they came out, they put the canned goods and the dress material and the sugar into the wagon and, without speaking to Quiet Boy, drove off toward home.

It was not until after the evening meal, when the family was sitting on sheepskin rugs about the fire in the center of the log and plaster hogan, that Rapid Runner at last questioned Quiet Boy.

"Oldest Son," he said, "that white boy is new to this place. He knows not the ways of our people. We must teach him what we think is right but not with force of blows."

"Yes, my father," said Quiet Boy, "but he will only laugh."

Then spoke Happy Weaver. "The hour will come, Oldest Son."

Then the family began to plan for the weekend trip to Piñon Mesa to gather piñon nuts, probably the last chance they would have until spring. Since the first



▲ Not far up the trail, Quiet Boy came to a horse standing under a tree, riderless.

frost in September, the family had gone to the trees. All working hard, even 4-year-old Youngest Son, they had gathered more than a thousand pounds of the tiny sweet nuts that fell out of the cones of the piñon pines. And by selling them to the trader, they had built up a good credit at the store.

At dawn next morning, Quiet Boy heard his mother get up. Then came the hurry of breakfast, the hitching of the horses to the covered wagon, the loading of food and bedding for the 2-day trip.

"I will lead the way," said Quiet Boy, sitting tall on his horse as his family climbed into the wagon. "I know a secret place where the nuts should still be in plenty."

He galloped ahead, the red bandanna around his head flapping hard. How good it was to be a Navajo on his own horse on the way to the high mesa! He sang as he rode. Higher and higher went the road.

Quiet Boy checked his horse and looked back. The wagon was but a green speck below him.

"Here I will wait," he decided. He saw that the sky was no longer blue. Dull gray clouds had gathered. "I am sure," he said to himself, "man-wind and snow come soon."

From this place, he could see the wagons of the Navajo families who had left their farms in the care of relatives and camped in the piñons for the whole of the nut-harvesting season.

Tons of nuts these people would gather over such a time, Quiet Boy knew. Why, he had heard the trader say that one year when the crop was at its best in New Mexico and Arizona, there had been shipped out more nuts than a half million dollars would buy!

At the thought of the nuts, Quiet Boy felt hungry. He rode back to meet the wagon. "Hunger is killing me, my mother!" he cried in Navajo.

"Yes," said his brothers and sisters, "hunger is killing us!"

Happy Weaver smiled and reached into the wagon, handing them each a corn cake.

"My Thanks"

THIRD graders of Leaksville, N. C., wrote the words and music for their Thanksgiving song. Miss Katherine Austin is their teacher.

*Thank thee for the sun and
rain,
Thank thee for the fields of
grain,
Thank thee, Lord, for every-
thing.*

*Thank thee for the birds and
flowers,
Thank thee for the clouds and
showers,
Thank thee, Lord, for every-
thing.*

Munching the sweet cake, Quiet Boy rode slowly, keeping just ahead of the wagon, until they came to the secret place that he knew.

Yes, there were many nuts on the ground here. These nuts had ripened late and full without blight or insect bite. Even the busy pack rats had not had time to take them all to their burrows for the winter.

Quickly, Quiet Boy and his family unloaded the harvesting equipment from the wagon. Quiet Boy and Rapid Runner shook the piñon trees, catching the cones and nuts in a blanket to be separated later.

Happy Weaver and Second Son raked the ground and put the litter of nuts and cones and needles through a screen. The two girls and Youngest Son hunched themselves along the ground, picking up the nuts by hand.

Taking a large pail with him, Quiet Boy began to look for pack rat burrows. Suddenly the quiet of the place was broken by the approach of horse's hoofs. It was Lester.

"Heap big brave, ugh!" laughed Lester. "Caught you gold-brickin', didn't I?"

Anger flowed through Quiet Boy, but he did not answer. This time he would not fight. As though he were alone, he looked at the sky. Maybe Lester would leave. In spite of his anger, he noticed how dark and stormy the sky had become, and how strong the wind. A white boy new to the

reservation should not be riding alone with a storm so near.

Like an unwelcome guest, the words of his parents came into his mind. This was what they meant, he knew. Unwillingly he spoke, "Go back to the trading-post. Snowstorm come soon."

Lester snorted. "So now you're a weather prophet!" he said. "I'll go back when I'm ready." Sharply, he kicked his heels into his horse's flanks and rode off.

Quiet Boy went back to his work, taking some of the nuts out of each nest but leaving enough for the pack rats to live on during the winter. After a short time, he felt something cold on his cheek. Big snowflakes were beginning to fall. Now the wind in the trees was whining loud.

Quickly he returned to his family. They were loading the wagon. "It is best we return without more nuts," said Happy Weaver. "Ride ahead to guide us, Oldest Son."

Quiet Boy mounted his horse and led the way to the open road. Then he said, "I must leave now," and dashed off without further word. Perhaps if he could help the white boy who might now be lost on the mesa, his parents would be pleased.

Swiftly he rode down the chief road that led to the valley. He came to the Navajo camp, now breaking up for a quick return to the valley lest they be caught in the snowstorm. Had the white boy headed for the valley? But no, they had only seen the white boy riding *up* the road.

Quiet Boy turned back. He knew of a trail that led off to the east. Perhaps the white boy had taken that one. Now the wind was swirling the snow into shallow drifts. Quiet Boy leaned close to his horse for warmth.

Not far up the trail, he came to a horse standing under a tree, riderless. And nearby, a something dark on the ground. It was Lester, dazed and bruised.

Quiet Boy helped him up on his horse and got up behind him, with Lester's horse following on a lead. Then they went back to the main road, riding until they caught up with the wagon.

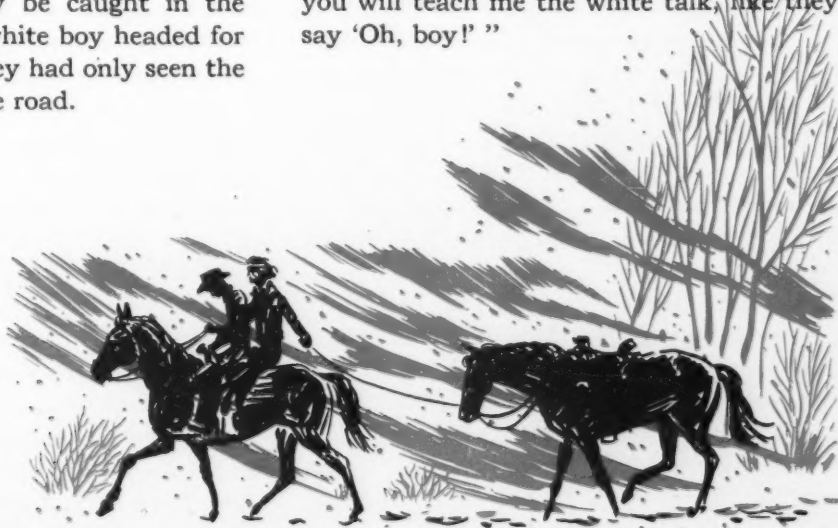
Once inside the wagon, and covered with blankets, Lester began to feel better. In lordly manner, he said, "I will ask my uncle to give you extra credit for this."

Quiet Boy said proudly, knowing that his family was listening, "The Navajo way is to treat all men as though they were our clan relatives," he said. "One does not receive pay for that."

Lester's face turned red. "Well, th . . . thank you, anyway," he said. "Guess there's plenty for me to learn about Indians and things." He looked at Quiet Boy. "Maybe you'll show me some time."

Quiet Boy hesitated, even now afraid that the white boy would laugh at him again. Then he grinned. "Sure, kid, if you will teach me the white talk, like they say 'Oh, boy!'"

The two boys rode Quiet Boy's horse, with Lester's horse following on a lead. ➤





THE BIRD OF THE

FIVE VIRTUES

A Korean folk tale
by Frances Carpenter

“ONE day late in the autumn a farmer caught a wild goose,” Halmoni said to her grandson Yong Tu. “I tell you about that goose, blessed boy, because it will help you to remember your lesson.”

The boy was sitting with his feet tucked under him on the warm floor of his grandmother’s apartment. In his hands was a book whose Korean name meant “A Primer for the Young.”

Over and over, half aloud, he had been repeating the words, “*In - eui - ye - chi - shin.*” As he said them, they were all run together like one very long word. But they meant five different things: love, right behavior, good form, wisdom, and faith. These were the five virtues which every Korean child was taught to remember.

At his grandmother’s words Yong Tu put his primer aside. Her story would be far more interesting, he knew, than the lessons in his book.

“Well, this farmer caught the wild goose. He clipped off its wings so that it could not fly away with the other birds to the south. Thinking to gain favor, he made a present of that wild goose to the Governor of his province. The Governor was indeed pleased. He put the goose in his garden, and his servants fed it good grain.

“One day as the Governor walked in his garden, a servant addressed him. ‘Honorable Sir,’ he said, bowing low, ‘that fat wild goose would make a very fine feast. Its flesh is sweet and tender. Its flavor is fine. I pray you, kill it and eat it.’

"'Kill a wild goose and eat it?' the good Governor replied. 'That I will not. The wild goose is the bird of all the Five Virtues, *In-eui-ye-chi-shin*.'

"'How could that be, Honorable Scholar?' the servant asked. 'How could a bird know about the Five Virtues?'

"'Think, man!' the Governor said. 'First, the wild goose is an example of love. It does not fight like the eagle nor hunt like the falcon. It lives in peace and friendship with its fellows.

"'Second, the wild goose is a bird of excellent behavior. When it takes a mate, it observes all the rules of right living. And when its mate dies, the goose mourns her loss like a true wife. She comes back again and again to her former nesting place, alone and a widow. What wedding in our land is complete without the wild goose as a symbol of wifely devotion?'

"'No, my good man, I should not wish to kill a bird with such a fine character. Watch the wild geese, how they fly. In order, and with ceremony, they make their procession across the blue sky. And what wisdom they show, seeking the warmth of the south in the cold winter and the cool air of the north when the hot summer comes!

"'You have seen for yourself how they come back to our north country every year at the same time. Thus they keep the faith. *Ai*, the wild goose lives by the Five Virtues. Who would destroy so noble a bird?'

"Read the Five Laws to me from your

To wear a scholar's hat was a great honor in ancient Korea. But many lessons must be learned before that could happen. ➤

(Illustrations are reproductions of rare old Korean paintings. Story is from "Tales of a Korean Grandmother," copyright 1947 by Frances Carpenter Huntington, published by Doubleday & Co., Inc.)

primer, my young schoolman," the Korean grandmother said when her little story of the wild goose came to its end.

"Amid heaven and earth," Yong Tu repeated in the singsong voice he always used in studying his lessons, "man is the noblest being. And man is noble chiefly because he follows the Five Laws. As the wise Mencius said,

"'There should be between father and son proper relationship, with love from the father and duty from the son;

"'Between king and his courtiers there should be right dealing, the king being correct and the courtier being loyal;

"'Between husband and wife there should be kindness and obedience;

"'Between old and young there should be consideration and respect; and

"'Between friend and friend there should be faith that is kept.' "

The boy drew a long breath. He had learned his lesson well, and he did not forget to add, "If man does not follow these laws, he is no better than the beasts."





Illustrated by Ursula Koering

**This story of pioneer days
in 1795 by Sarah E. Merrill
is based on a true incident...**

THE WIND howled loudly around the little log cabin and roared down the chimney. Prudence reached out her hand and pulled the homespun woolen covers up until they nearly covered her dark curly head.

It was early morning. Gray light was streaking through the tiny frost-covered windows near the rafters of the loft where the children of the Fuller family slept.

Usually Prudence was awakened by the crackling of the huge fire her father had built in the fireplace, but this morning the house was cold and still.

Then she remembered. Yesterday they had all watched Father ride away on old Nellie's back with bags of corn and wheat hanging from the saddle. It was a 2-day trip to and from the mill where the corn and wheat would be ground into corn meal and flour.

"Mother was up late last night keeping hot goose grease on Benjamin's sore throat," thought Prudence. "She must be tired. I'll hurry down and make the fire myself and surprise her."

She shivered as she dressed in her long homespun dress. Quietly she climbed down the ladder which led to the room below, where her mother and Baby Peregrine were

asleep. It was a large square room, crudely furnished with handmade furniture. Hooked rugs lay on the rough hard floor. A bed stood in one corner with a cradle beside it.

Kneeling before the fireplace, Prudence carefully pushed aside the ashes with a large turkey feather as she had often seen her father do. He always left the live coals well covered during the night. From these he started the new fire each morning.

Suddenly she realized that only dead ashes lay on the hearth before her. The live coals had died out during the night. Fear clutched at her heart. Never before could she remember being without fire in the house.

"Mother, Mother, wake up," she called. "There are no embers on the hearth. What-
ever shall we do?"

Her mother sprang up quickly.

"There's only one thing we can do," Mrs. Fuller answered. "Someone will have to walk the 3 miles to neighbor Luce's and bring back some live coals."

"I'll go, Mother," spoke up Benjamin, a tall, serious lad of 13, who had just come down the ladder.

"No, Benjamin! It will be several days before your throat is well enough for you to leave the house."

"Really, my throat is better today," said Benjamin. "I am the man of the house when Father is away, and I am the one who should go. Prudence is too young. What if something should happen to her?"

"Please, Mother, let me go, I'm nearly 12 now," put in Prudence hopefully.

"Hush, children!" commanded their mother, trying to hide her anxiety. "If Father were only here!"

Finally Mrs. Fuller spoke. "Prudence, I shall have to let you go, because I cannot be away from the baby."

Prudence jumped up and down with excitement. "I'm not a bit afraid," she said. "I'll walk fast and be back in no time."

"Remember, young lady," put in Benjamin, "it's 3 long miles each way with only a rough path to follow."

"Come, you must hurry, Prudence," said her mother. "It will be hard enough for us to keep warm until you return."

Extra warm petticoats, skirts, and shawls were piled onto Prudence until she was nearly as broad as she was tall.

Lifting an iron pot from the swinging hook in the broad fireplace, Mrs. Fuller handed it to Prudence.

"Fill this pot with as many embers as Mrs. Luce can spare, and let nothing happen to them on the way home," she directed. She put a covered pewter dish into the pot. "This is fresh goose grease and may come in handy for Mrs. Luce. We are going to have a hard winter if today is a sample."

As Prudence kissed her mother good-by, she noticed the worried look on Mrs. Fuller's face. "You shouldn't feel badly about my



A A short distance away in the shadows of the bushes, Prudence saw an animal creeping toward her.

going, Mother. It will be so much fun to see Abigail and Jerusha again, I can hardly wait."

"Well, do be careful, child, not to stray from the path," her mother warned.

The trees were thick and uncut for miles around, except for the few clearings like their own. These were grants of land given by the government to the men who returned from fighting in the Revolutionary War.

Prudence skipped along the path as fast as her heavy clothing would permit. At first the woodland was familiar and she passed places where she had been many times before. There was a thicket where she and Benjamin had picked huckleberries some weeks earlier.

As the girl walked along, a cold wind whistled past. It nipped her nose and made her fingers so numb she could hardly hold on to the handle of the iron pot.

"This will never do," she thought. "I'll have to get warmer somehow."

After setting the pot down, she pulled off her mittens, cupped her hands before her mouth, and breathed her warm breath on her stiff red fingers until she could bend them once more.

PRESENTLY she came to a halt. Before her was a fork in the road. One path led straight ahead and the other bore to the left into the deep forest. For an instant she was frightened.

"Oh, which way shall I go?" she thought wildly. "I never knew that there were two paths between here and Abigail's."

She half turned to go back. Then the thought of the cold cabin at home gave her courage. She looked about her carefully.

"The path straight ahead looks the most traveled to me," she said to herself. "I'm going to follow that one."

After a long time she came upon a clearing, in the center of which stood a log cabin much like her own.

"Thank goodness!" she exclaimed. "That was the right path because there's Abigail's home."

A thin curl of blue smoke was coming out of the chimney. The thought of a fire made her feet fairly fly to the cabin door. As she knocked, two bright-faced girls appeared at the door.

"Oh, Prudence," the older one cried, "how did you happen to come? Can you stay awhile?"

"We have no fire at home," Prudence answered. "I have come to carry back some embers if you can spare them."

"Oh, Mother, we haven't seen Prudence in weeks and weeks! Can't she stay awhile?" begged the younger girl.

"Prudence must get back to her family as soon as possible, girls, if they are without fire this cold day," Mrs. Luce answered. "But it would be well for her to eat dinner with us and to get thoroughly warm before she sets out for home again."

SO SELDOM did the girls see one another that they kept up a lively stream of chatter over their dinner of hominy, sirup, and venison.

After many invitations to come again, Prudence set out on the return journey. The iron pot was nearly full of precious embers and she hung on tightly to the handle.

Somehow the journey home seemed longer than the way she had come. The pot grew very heavy for her cold hands to carry and her muscles ached.

The sky grew gray and threatening and cast dark shadows over the surrounding forest. Gradually the giant trees seemed to close in upon her and she felt very small and alone. For the first time she was really afraid.

She hurried along the path, ears alert, not looking to the right or left. Every noise made her start.

Later on, large, feathery snowflakes began to fall. They clung to the pine trees and made the path slippery and more difficult to walk upon. It seemed to Prudence that she had walked for many miles.

"Oh, I must hurry," she said to herself

desperately. She tried to quicken her footsteps but her feet were cold and heavy. After what seemed like an endless stretch of time she came upon the fork in the road which had puzzled her so that morning.

"I am not so far from home now," she said to herself with relief and new courage.

The quiet of the forest was suddenly broken by a sharp crackling sound in the bushes behind her. She turned about with a jerk. But she could see nothing unusual.

She walked on for a short distance. The crackling sounded again, nearer.

Turning once more, she stood paralyzed with fright. Only her eyes moved as she looked in the direction of the sound. A short distance away in the shadows of the bushes, she saw an animal creeping toward her.

Immediately she knew from its long, grayish-yellow body, short legs, and small head that it was the dreaded panther whose cries they had been hearing at night. She thought of hurling the pot of embers at him. The fear of fire might frighten him away.

"No, I mustn't do that," she realized. "They need these embers too badly at home."

Suddenly there flashed through her mind some words she had heard her grandmother say: "As long as you face a panther and do not turn your back to him, he will not attack you."

Immediately she started walking backward. She walked slowly and carefully, for fear she might trip and fall.

At first the panther slowed his steps as though he had changed his mind about following, but Prudence did not falter in her steady backward walk. As moments passed, the panther drew nearer and nearer until Prudence could see his white breast and yellow eyes.

Suddenly it seemed to her that she heard a sound like hoofbeats, but she decided it must be the thumping of her heart.

At that moment she felt herself stepping on something round and slippery. Her foot



▲ Prudence gazed happily at the firelight dancing on the rafters of the warm cabin.

turned with the stone. Desperately she tried to catch herself, but down she went.

As she tried to rise, she saw the panther crouching on all fours. It was gathering strength for a leap. Sick with terror, she covered her face with her arm. Her heart beat loudly. Again it sounded just like the clop, clop of a horse's hoofs. Then there was a sharp report, followed by an angry growl, and a dull thud near her side. Everything turned black.

When Prudence opened her bewildered eyes, she saw that she was lying in her own warm, cheerful cabin.

She started up. "Did I lose the embers?" she demanded.

Loving arms tightened around her shoulders as her mother drew her down.

"No, Prudence," said her father in a voice husky with pride, as he stood looking down at her. "You were still clutching the pot safely in your hand when old Nelly and I rode up. It did not take long for my old musket to put that panther where it can do no more harm."

Prudence gazed happily at the firelight dancing on the rafters of the warm cabin.

Suddenly she exclaimed, "My, I'm glad that Grandmother told me to always face a panther!"



"Brotherhood"

◀ Fifth graders of Riverside School wrote their song to express their hope for a real world friendship. A group of them copied the song on the blackboard in their school-room where they are singing it.

On Wings of Song

Creative Music Project, Cleveland, Ohio



SCHOOL CHILDREN in some land far over the sea will be made happy when they receive a music album of recordings from Junior Red Cross boys and girls in Cleveland, Ohio.

Not only will they enjoy listening to the playing of the records, but they will also enjoy looking at all the pictures of the boys and girls who composed the music and sang the songs.

Along with the pictures is the script of spoken words used in the recordings, and copies of the words and music of the songs, all bound together in a beautiful album with a letter of explanation included.

This is the introduction the Cleveland juniors wrote for their script:

"This album is being sent to you with the best wishes of the Junior Red Cross of

Cleveland, Ohio, in the United States. The music which you will hear has been composed by the upper elementary pupils of the Cleveland Public Schools. These children are from 9-12 years of age, in grades 3 through 6.

"This experiment in creative music has been carried on in connection with a series of fifth grade radio music lessons called 'Song Study.' The lessons are broadcast weekly over the Board of Education Radio Station WBOE. Miss Esther Keller, supervisor of elementary music, has had charge of this project under the direction of Dr. Russell V. Morgan, directing supervisor of music."

Each of the 16 recorded songs has its own introduction in the script, and its own photograph to illustrate it. Four of these pictures are reproduced on these pages. Their captions are based on the script written by the Cleveland boys and girls.

"Dance of the Dwarfs"

The composer of this flute solo is David Bitante (right), 10-year-old pupil in Grade 4A, Hazeldell School. The flutist who is playing David's song is Carl Miskiewicz, 11 years old, of Gracemount School. ➤



"Fairies"

Harriet Simpson and Melvin Koplin (seated at table), 10-year-old pupils in Grade 4A at William Rainey Harper School, finish copying their song as their friends sing it. They take their listeners to the "land of make-believe" in the song they wrote called "Fairies." ➤

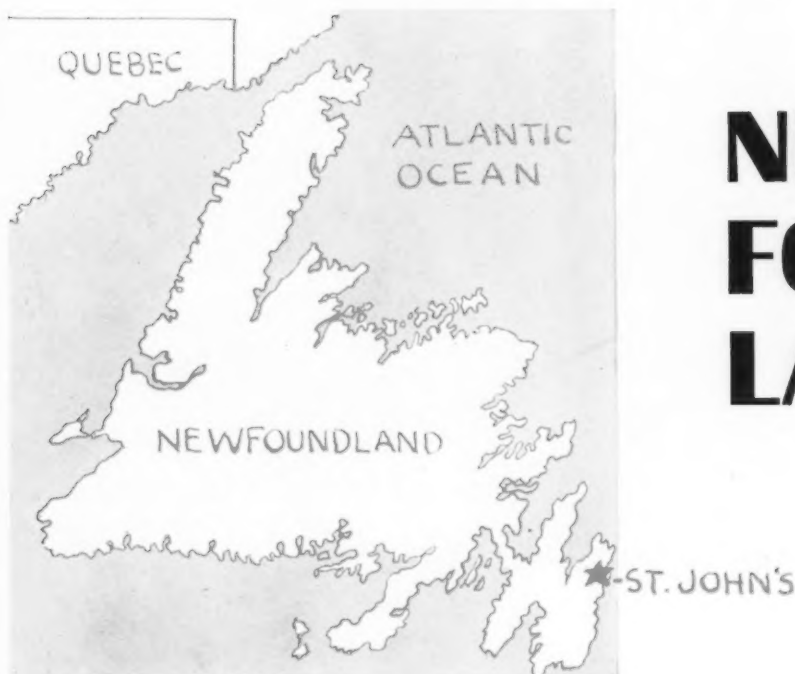


"A Joyous Heart"

Howard Katz (left), age 10, a 5B pupil of Hazeldell School, must have had spring fever when he wrote the words for his song, "A Joyous Heart." He is pictured here telling about his song to his classmates who will sing it:

**"My heart is like a frisky lamb
That hops and plays in pastures green.
My heart is like a bursting bud
That has great wonders to be seen."**





NEW FOUND LAND

THE FIRST territory outside Europe to be claimed by England was the island of Newfoundland. This "new found land" was discovered in 1497 by John Cabot, a sea captain. Almost half its population of over 290,000 today is engaged in the fishing industry. The other chief industries are lumbering, papermaking, and mining.

St. John's, the Capital

St. John's is the oldest city in North America. It is also the capital of Canada's youngest province. It is 250 years older than Halifax. St. John's was an international seaport when New York was still a swamp.

St. John's has had relatively few immigrants for more than 100 years. In 1945 the population was 44,603 native born. The people are of English, Irish, and Scottish descent.

St. John's is not an industrial city in terms of sprawling factories and mills, but it is second to none in the island's great commercial fisheries. Fishery supplies flow to all parts of the world, and from St. John's, too, the seal hunt is carried on.

Cod Fishing

Codfish are caught in various ways. There is the trap which is simply a big box made of nets with a long leader to lead the fish into the door of the trap. There is the trawl which is a long line with many shorter lines hanging down from it with

baited hooks on the ends. There is also the dragger—a big net shaped like a bag and towed behind a ship.

When the fish is brought to shore, it may be cleaned, wrapped in cellophane, and then fresh frozen. Or it may be cleaned, salted, and after it is taken out of salt, washed and then dried.

The frozen fish is sold mostly to the United States. The salt fish is sold to the United Kingdom, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Greece, the West Indies, and recently Yugoslavia.

From Log to Paper

Paper is Newfoundland's second chief industry. The trees used for paper are spruce and fir which are cut into lengths specified by the mills. The logger cuts and piles the timber for the tractor or horses to drag to the river bank.

When spring comes and thaws the river, "drivers" push the logs into the river where they go until the river finally winds into a lake or expansion of steady water. The logs are then placed into booms and pulled by small tugboats to railway sidings to be taken to the mills.

At the mills the logs are put into huge drums called "barkers," which revolve and knock the bark off the logs.

The logs are conveyed to the grinding room where grindstones grind them into pulp, and the pulp is carried by water shoots to huge vats.

From Newfoundland, Canada, comes a school album, prepared by pupils in Curtis Academy, St. John's, telling of how their island home got its name, and about industries and life there.

Sulphate is added and the pulp is cooked.

It is then conveyed to the paper machines, rolled out on a wool or cotton sheet, and carried over an immense line of hot drums which roll and dry the paper in one process. At the other end, the paper comes out on great spools at a terrific speed. Then the rolls are rewound and cut in different sizes, weighed, wrapped, and stamped for the market.

Farming

The two kinds of farming chiefly known are dairy farming and vegetable farming.

The milk which the dairy farmer receives from his herd is either sold from door to door or to companies for pasteurized milk.

It seems that the farmer who grows vegetables has to work harder than the dairy farmer! For example, he has to plant the potatoes, and after a month he has to cover them again. When fall comes he has to dig and store the potatoes to protect them from the long winter. Then he has to find a market for his produce and deliver it.

Buchans Mines

While the paper mill at Grand Falls was being constructed, the owners of the mill began to look for a local supply of sulphur, a substance used in the manufacture of paper.

They did not find sulphur, but they did discover



NATIONAL FILM BOARD, CANADA

Water Street, St. John's, Newfoundland

a valuable deposit of ore at Buchans on Red Indian Lake. The ore contained chiefly lead and zinc, but also small quantities of copper, silver, and gold.

At the time of this discovery no use could be made of it, because there was no known process to separate the ore on a large scale. Later inventions, however, made it possible to do this, and mining began in 1927.

About 200,000 tons of concentrates, that is, partly refined ores, are exported every year to the United States, the United Kingdom, Belgium, France, and Germany.



NATIONAL FILM BOARD, CANADA

Dairy farming and lumbering are two of Newfoundland's main industries.



PHOTOGRAPH BY WALT

Junior Red Cross in Hawaii

PROUD to be leaders in Junior Red Cross are the officers, pictured above, of Honolulu's new city-wide elementary school council: Mildred Yee (left), secretary-treasurer, Patricia Nowell, president, and Stewart Green (right), vice-president.

Each month student representatives from the 4th, 5th and 6th grades from 40 elementary schools in Honolulu meet to plan the Junior Red Cross program. Purposes of the council are:

(1) To plan together projects needing cooperation of schools which are members of Junior Red Cross.

(2) To work together in carrying out our plans.

(3) To make friends with members in other schools and around the world.

(4) To cooperate with adults in all Red Cross activities in the schools and community.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ ON PAGE 26

- | | |
|--------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| (1) Theodore Roosevelt ... (c) | (5) Thomas Jefferson (b) |
| (2) George Washington ... (d) | (6) Ulysses S. Grant (h) |
| (3) Calvin Coolidge (a) | (7) Abraham Lincoln (e) |
| (4) Andrew Jackson (f) | (8) Franklin D. Roosevelt .. (g) |

Do TURKEYS grow on TREES?



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALT

To bring Thanksgiving cheer to patients in a nearby Army hospital, second and third graders make coconut turkeys at their school in Honolulu, Territory of Hawaii.

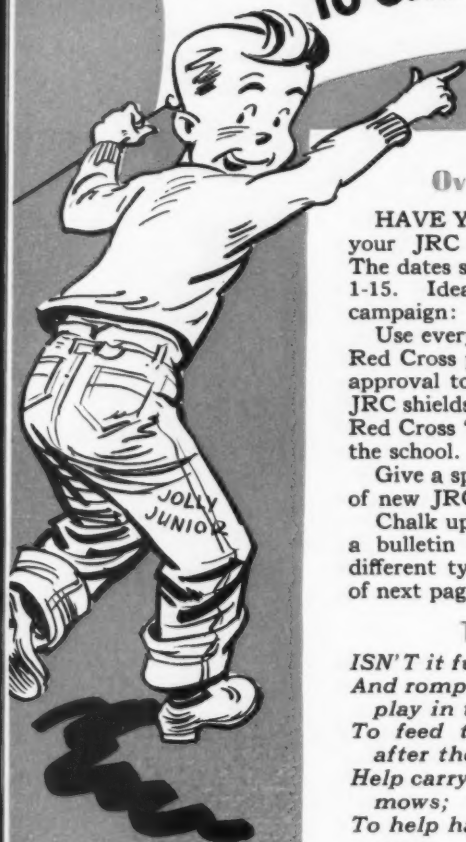
Our turkeys come from coconut trees.
We use a big coconut for the body.
We color paper for the head and the feathers.
We think our coconut turkeys look real.
The turkeys go to the big Army hospital
near our school for Thanksgiving.
Our homes are in Hawaii where coconuts
grow.
We go to the Pohukaina (Po-hu-ka-in-a)
School in Honolulu.
We are in the second and third grades.
We like to make turkeys in our Junior
Red Cross.

NOW'S THE TIME...

to enroll for service!



...SO YOU'LL
BE READY FOR
WINTER PROJECTS!



Illustrated by
RUDOLPH WENDELIN

Over the Top!

HAVE YOU completed plans for your JRC enrollment campaign? The dates suggested are November 1-15. Ideas to help spark your campaign:

Use every Red Cross and Junior Red Cross prop you can find. Get approval to place Red Cross flags, JRC shields, 1953 poster, and other Red Cross "reminders" throughout the school.

Give a special assembly in honor of new JRC members.

Chalk up each day's progress on a bulletin board with posters of different types (picture at the top of next page shows one idea).

The Farm

*ISN'T it fun to live on a farm
And romp in the meadows, and
play in the barn,
To feed the white horses, go
after the cows, and
Help carry the bales up into the
mows;
To help harvest the tall, yellow
corn,
When autumn days have just
been born?
In autumn, summer, winter,
or fall,
To live on a farm is the best of
all.*

JANICE MARIE TRIMBEY
Grade 7, Chadwicks, N. Y.

Leave It to the Boys!

JRC boys in Daniel Webster School, Weehawken, N. J., collected cigar boxes, filled them with pebbles, and nailed the lids down. Then they painted the boxes bright colors. These toys were given to a class of partially sighted children who enjoy large, brightly colored building blocks that make a noise when played with.

We Wore It Proudly

SAN Miguel School, San Francisco, Calif., held a cookie sale to earn money for Junior Red Cross. We made advertising posters for each of the classrooms, and decorated boxes to hold our wares. Speakers went about the school reminding us to save our nickels.

Our parents supplied the cookies. Most of them were homemade, and besides the old standbys of chocolate chips and the like, we had Swedish, Italian and Armenian cookies, since these nationalities were represented in our class.

Through cooperative planning we had become juniors. Signing our Red Cross roll meant something to each of us, for through it we pledged service to others. When each of us was given the insignia button, we wore it proudly.

ELIZABETH M. ROHAN, teacher

We Serve

*If I can do a kindly deed
If I can help someone in need
If I can sow a fruitful seed,
Lord, show me how!*

THIS IS the creed of Peoria's one-teacher school (Yuba County, Calif.) whose 14 pupils are all leaders in Junior Red Cross. The school has been enrolled for 20 years under leadership of Miss Laura Marvin, teacher of all 8 grades.

A big factor in their success, say Peoria boys and girls, is the monthly JRC meeting to which parents and other guests are invited.

Don't Forget

ONE WAY you can help JRC members all over the country is to report specially good things you and your schoolmates are doing. Write to "Jolly Junior" via your chapter JRC chairman.

We enroll . . .



▲ To arouse interest in our JRC enrollment drive, we drew a picture of our new airport on the school bulletin board. As each room enrolled in Junior Red Cross, an airplane with the teacher's name was pinned on the picture. (Lincoln School, Huntington, West Va.)



We held a Junior Red Cross fair at which students from three elementary-school councils demonstrated their activities. This picture shows boys and girls from School No. 18 telling about the correspondence album they received from overseas. (Baltimore, Md.) ➤

Gift Box Time . . .

With the help of a poster showing what a gift box should contain, boys and girls at Summit School pack goodwill messengers for overseas. (Winston Salem, N. C.)

PHOTO BY FRANK JONES



Students at Carver School hold a Junior Red Cross shower to which each pupil brings one article suitable for gift boxes. (Towson, Baltimore County, Md.)

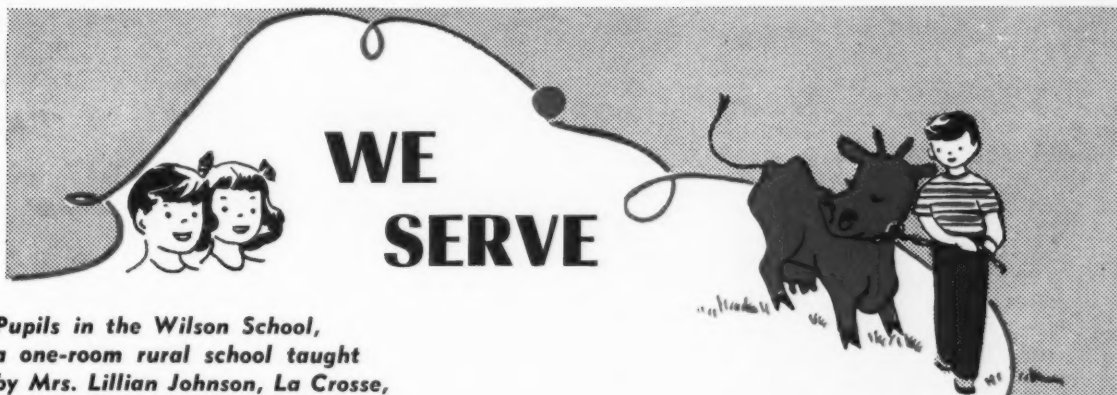


Boys and girls in thousands of schools in our land are busy this time of year. They are packing gift boxes for children overseas. Last year 623,000 of the little "Greetings" boxes made children happy in countries all around the globe.

Two pupils of Sacred Heart School add to the pile of gift boxes ready for shipment overseas. (Brooklyn, N. Y.)

PUBLICITY PHOTOGRAPHERS





Pupils in the Wilson School, a one-room rural school taught by Mrs. Lillian Johnson, La Crosse, Wis., tell how they earned money for Junior Red Cross.

IN ORDER to join the Junior Red Cross, our room needed 50 cents. All of us planned to join. We earned our money by doing some work for our parents. This is a service to others and in this way we can wear our pin, which says "I serve."

Eileen earned her money by picking beans for her mother.

Alice earned a dime by picking up potatoes when her father dug them.

Mervin got the cows from the pasture for his father.

Richard helped his dad in the barn.

Beverly earned her money by washing the dishes for her mother.

Jean took care of the baby while her mother was away.

Gordon earned his money by getting the cows.

Verna washed and wiped dishes and mowed the lawn.

Donald earned his money this summer by picking strawberries.

Gary pulled weeds out of the strawberry patch.

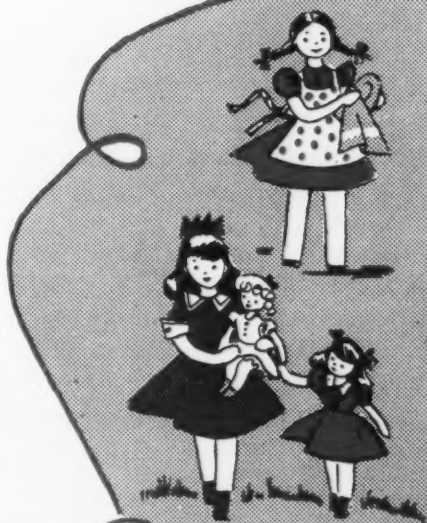
Billy swept the basement floor.

Joyce earned her money by hoeing the garden.

Allen fed the cows for his father.

Oval earned her money by baby sitting.

Since all of us have completed these errands, we now are 100 percent Junior Red Cross members.



Illustrated by
Virginia Louts



The Cat that Wanted to be Useful

CATHERINE WOOLLEY

Illustrated by
Marie C. Nichols

SKINNY was a skinny black cat. He had a long, sad, bony face and a harsh, rough, tangled coat.

He was sad because he had no home. He was tangled because he was too sad to give himself a bath and get the tangles out.

Skinny knew many cats who were plump and handsome and had good homes. There was the orange cat with a fluffy tail, the white cat with a pink nose, the maltese cat with beautiful whiskers, and the tiger cat with yellow eyes.

"They are beautiful," Skinny said to the wise old owl one night, "so they have good homes. I am skinny and sad. No one will give me a home."

"Rubbish," said the wise old owl. "Make yourself useful, and someone will give you a home."

"They will?" Skinny asked. "Even if I'm homely, will they?"

"Sure," said the owl.

Skinny said, "Who can I be useful to?"

"That's for you to find out," said the owl.

Skinny started off to find out how he could be useful.

Soon he saw something looming up in the dark. A big black dog stood at a gate.

"Good evening," said Skinny. "Could I be useful to you in any way, and would you please give me a home?"

The big black dog said, "Yes, if you'll watch the house while I visit my friend the bulldog, and bark if anyone comes."

Skinny said, "I would gladly watch your house. I do want to be useful. But I do not know how to bark."

Skinny went sadly along.

An old horse was standing in a field.

"Good evening," said Skinny. "Could I be useful to you in any way, and would you please give me a home?"

The old horse said, "Yes, if you'll pull my wagon while I catch up on my rest."

Skinny said, "I would gladly pull your wagon. I do want to be useful. But I am too small and skinny to pull a wagon."

He went sadly along.

Just after daylight he met a hen with her brood of chicks. He thought, "My, she must be busy with so many children. Surely I can be useful here."

He said, "Good morning. Could I be useful to you in any way, and would you please give me a home?"

"You can *not* be useful to me," said the hen crossly. "I wouldn't trust you around my chicks for two minutes! Now be off!"

"Well, thank you," Skinny said. "Well, good-bye."

It was morning. Skinny saw Mrs. Green sweeping her walk. He wanted to ask Mrs.

Green whether he could be useful, but he was sure he could never sweep the walk or anything like that.

"I am no use to anybody!" thought Skinny.

He was so sad he crept under some bushes in Mrs. Green's yard and lay down.

Skinny didn't know it, but the bushes were blueberry bushes. Blueberries were Mr. Green's favorite fruit. But he hardly ever got any berries from his bushes because the minute a berry was ripe, down darted a bluejay and ate it up.

As Skinny lay under the bushes a bluejay darted down for a plump berry.

He saw Skinny. "Caw, caw!" shrieked the bluejay and off he flew.

When Mr. Green came home, Mrs. Green said, "A cat is under our blueberry bushes. The bluejays are afraid to come down. There are plenty of blueberries for your supper."

Mr. Green said, "Fine!"

Mrs. Green said, "We must give that cat something to eat so he will stay and keep the bluejays away." She gave Skinny a dish of milk.

Skinny sat under the blueberry bushes. The berries grew big and ripe. Mr. Green had blueberries and cream. He had blueberry muffins. He had blueberry pie. He had blueberry waffles and blueberry cake and blueberry pancakes, too.

He had never had so many delicious blueberries in his life, all because Skinny kept the bluejays away.

Mrs. Green bought extra milk so Skinny could have plenty.

Skinny could hardly believe his good luck. He thought, "Am I really being useful? Can it possibly be that I have a home?"

He drank so much milk that he no longer looked skinny. He was so happy he took lots of baths and bit out all the tangles in his coat.

At last the blueberry season was over. Mrs. Green picked the last berry.

Suddenly Skinny knew that his job was done.

"Oh," said Skinny, "what will happen to me now? Mr. and Mrs. Green won't want a homely cat like me when I am no longer useful."

But Mr. Green said, "That cat has done a good job. He has kept all the bluejays away."

Mrs. Green said, "And he didn't catch a single bird, either."

Mr. Green said, "We can't turn out a cat that has done such a good job for us."

Mrs. Green said, "Of course not. Let's let him live here."

Then Mrs. Green looked at Skinny, and she said to Mr. Green, "Do you know what? Now that he isn't skinny and his coat is smooth and he doesn't look so sad, he is really a handsome cat!"

And when Skinny heard that—well, how would *you* feel, if you were Skinny?



"You can NOT be useful to me," said the hen crossly. "I wouldn't trust you around my chicks for two minutes!"

Which President Am I?

By VINCENT EDWARDS

History experts, snap to attention! Since an exciting election is being held this month to choose the next President of the United States, it's a good time to test your knowledge of the men who have held that high office. Below you will find a jumble of facts and names. The object is to unscramble it, so that all will be matched properly. If you can line up 6 out of 8, you have proved that you really know something about the famous men who guided our nation.

NAMES

FACTS

- | | |
|----------------------------------|---|
| (1) Theodore Roosevelt | (a) I was Vice-President and visiting my father in the Vermont hills when word came before daylight one morning that the President was dead. I took the oath of office by lamplight in that humble home. |
| (2) George Washington | (b) Before I became President, I won undying fame by writing the Declaration of Independence. Later, while I held the office, I doubled my country's size by the purchase of the Louisiana Territory. |
| (3) Calvin Coolidge | (c) In the Spanish-American War, I was one of the leaders of the famous cavalry regiment, the "Rough Riders." While I was President, I had much to do with starting the building of the Panama Canal. |
| (4) Andrew Jackson | (d) I became a great general in the War of the Revolution, but after victory had been won I stubbornly refused to give any encouragement to some of my officers who wanted to make me king of the new nation. |
| (5) Thomas Jefferson | (e) In my younger days I made a flatboat trip down the Mississippi, and I never forgot the sight of men being sold as slaves. Later, when I ran for a high office in Illinois, I spoke out strongly against this evil. |
| (6) Ulysses S. Grant | (f) In the War of 1812 I won a great victory over the British at New Orleans. When I became President, I came out against South Carolina's proposal to nullify the Constitution when I said, "The Union: it must and shall be preserved!" |
| (7) Abraham Lincoln | (g) I was born and brought up in a mansion on the Hudson River. I became President at the time of a great depression. In my second term of office, a great World War began, but I did not live to see its end. |
| (8) Franklin D. Roosevelt | (h) Early in the Civil War I won an important victory where I demanded the enemy's "unconditional surrender." After capturing Vicksburg, I was made the commander-in-chief of all the Union armies. |

(Answers on page 18)

OLD MAN MARABU

A monkey thinks, I'll charm this snake, or make it dance just like a fakir.



He takes his flute—the serpent sways and coils before him as he plays; ➤



When suddenly, to his surprise, this "snake" is changed before his eyes! ➤



The ancient Marabu spoke thus:



Whenever trouble comes to
us
We should keep calm, and
act with care;
So first make sure, before
you start,
You've seen both fore and
after part.

This long-legged bird with his wise
fables in verse comes from C. E.
Fischer in Germany.

Sing for Joy!

Gladly

Words and Music by
Beth Milliken Joerger

